

Abu Ansa CounterStrike

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Summary: This story is about an American military unit sent to aid the German government on retrieval of chemical weapons. The gas is stolen by the terrorist group called Abu Ansa. This story is told by the sniper in fireteam alpha, which is the team called on.

1. Mission

Chapter 1

I ran for cover as soon as I heard the enemy rounds hit the wall in front of me. The wall offered very little protection for me but it would have to do. I got on my stomach in the prone position and waited for my chance. In my hand was my AWP sniper rifle. Attached to the barrel was my bipod, which I had no chance to use at the moment. I knew the general area of where my enemy was. There was an opening in the wall on my left from where an artillery shell or mortar had blown apart the sand colored brick. I heard my chance, the enemy stopped firing. I rolled to my left and hoped to God that I wouldn't get shot. As my roll came to a halt, I looked down the scope of my gun and searched for my enemy. I felt my heart pumping so hard that I could feel it beating against my ribs. An overwhelming sense of fear swept over me. The enemy could have reloaded by now and I was a sitting duck out in the open. I had to find him before he could find me. Just then, his head popped up. He had his gun pointed directly at me. I knew he was about to shoot. I squeezed the trigger.

Instead of a loud explosion of the .338 AWP round, I heard the telephone. I rolled over in my bed. I was sweating profoundly. As I got to my senses I looked at the clock. It read that it was only 2:21 in the morning. I had just fallen asleep. My head felt as though I had gotten hit with a baseball bat. The phone rang once again. I picked it up wearily and answered, "Hello?"

"Is this Lance Corporal Williams?" The voice was low and quiet. I knew that it was somebody from my base in Fort Knox. I had been in the military for 8 years now. After my two tours in Iraq during the

second Desert Storm, I came home and stayed in the army. My unit was one of the most active units in the war. We had all volunteered to go to war to protect the nation's freedom.

"Yes, I'm Lance Corporal Williams. Why are you calling me at two in the morning?" I replied after I realized how long the pause was.

"I'm sorry but I can't discuss that with you until you get here. There is a car waiting for you outside that will take you to Fort Knox immediately. Please hurry, your presence is needed right away." I didn't have time to reply to him. The connection had been broken shortly after he had finished talking. The call had made me suspicious of what was happening. Immediately I was awake and attentive. This surprise call had the effect of a cold shower. I got dressed as fast as I could and headed to the front door of my house. Through the front window I could clearly see a black sedan with dark tinted windows. I knew that the car was intended for me.

As I was walking out my door and down the sidewalk, the car lights turned on. I opened the back door and got in. After my door was closed, the driver slammed on the gas pedal. I was jerked backwards by the acceleration of the car. Apparently whoever called wasn't exaggerating when he said "immediately."

We flew around corners at astonishing speeds. Many times I thought that we would skid off the road and into a ditch. The driver's face showed no emotion. He was intent on getting me to the fort as soon as he could. I learned to trust the driver after a few blocks. He obviously knew what he was doing by the way he threw the car around corners. As I looked at him more closely I could see something in his eyes. Although he looked emotionless, I could see that he was enjoying himself as he drove me to my destination.

As we rounded another corner I could see Fort Knox. As usual, all the base lights were off except for the ones located on the perimeter. I could see that there were guards watching over the fort as everybody slept. This was not unusual for the base to be like this. I knew that we aren't under attack otherwise the entire fort would be alive with people and machines.

The driver pulled the car up to the front gate, which opened after a brief chat with one of the guards. We pulled into the fort and took a left. After a few minutes, the car was parked and the driver escorted me to the entrance of a building. There, another guard escorted me through the door and down the hallway. I had never been in this building before and it made me nervous. I was lead to a door and then left alone. After a few seconds I heard talking behind the door. Then it opened and General O'Brien was standing in the doorway. He was tall but had grown round in the past few years. He stepped to the side and ushered me in.

"Thank you for coming so fast. This is of the utmost importance that you be here." O'Brien said. I looked around the room and saw nothing on the walls except a projection screen. The only things in the room were the projector and a table. Sitting at the table I recognized my fireteam. These were the most elite soldiers I knew. We served together throughout the war and on both tours.

"Now that Lance Corporal Williams is here, I can tell you why you've

all been called in at this early hour. I suggest you sit down for this Lance Corporal." I found the empty seat next to Ebez, who was the Sergeant of our fireteam. Ebez was an extremely tough looking guy. His skin was dark from tanning and had dark black hair. Although he looked as though he would be an extremely angry person, he was always calm and collected, which made him a great leader.

As I sat down, Ebez looked me directly in the eye. I sensed that he was nervous about being called into this meeting.

"You have all been assembled here because you are the best of the best. The United States Army has chosen you because of your outstanding records in the second Desert Storm. We only want the best people working for us today."

"Earlier this morning we received a report from the German government. They requested help from the United States. They called for the best soldiers we have to recover goods stolen from their weapons stockpiles. As you probably have figured out, these "goods," as they call them, are extremely important to them. Their government did not inform us of what you will be getting into, nor, what the goods are."

As General O'Brien was talking I could see the fireteam giving each other anxious looks. If Germany was unwilling to tell the United States what was going to happen, it must be bad. This was a huge burden for just five people to carry. As he finished, I thought to myself that we are in for it.

"We have a plane waiting for you to board. I'm sorry, but this is not a voluntary assignment. Your transportation to the airfield leaves at 0400 hours. That gives you an hour to get all your gear and head to your awaiting vehicles. You are dismissed."

General O'Brien left the room leaving us alone to think about what will happen. I could tell everybody in the room was nervous. Even Shawty was fidgety. She is one of the bravest people in our fireteam. She proved that time and time again in the war.

We sat there for a couple minutes until Ebez stood up. Everybody else stood up after him and we all walked out of the room in single file. I got to the armory and got my AWP, vest, and survival gear. I didn't know if I needed all of it, but I decided to be on the safe side and take it all. I got into the back seat of the military hummer waiting for us outside the armory. From there we drove to the airport and boarded the plane. Everybody was speechless. Throughout the entire plane ride, not a single word was said. Although we were prepared and ready to fight, we were still nervous. No matter how much training a soldier has, he will still be nervous before fighting.

2. Airport Raid

Chapter 2

When we arrived in Hamburg, Germany, we were greeted by solemn looking guards. Apparently, they were informed about what had happened and why we were there. The one question on everybody's mind was, "Why are we here?" Could they not have found their own elite German force? We five Americans will be risking our lives for a

country that is thousands of miles away from ours. The only reason I was here was because I support my country and I'm just simply following orders.

Again, like at Fort Knox, we were led through a series of hallways into another plain conference room. There we were seated and forced to wait for their commanding officer.

"Der Gepard will be with you soon." said a German guard with a strong accent. I was learned a bit of German in college and I translated the name. It wasn't a formal name, but a nickname, which was "the leopard." If the guard was talking about an officer he would have used a more formal name.

As soon as I figured this out, a stout, well built man walked into the room. His head was completely shaved. He was in the full German army uniform including the iron cross. Der Gepard walked to the front of the room and looked at us. He was apparently not a high ranking commander. When he started speaking, I was surprised at how well he spoke English. He was pretty literate, unlike the guard stationed at the door.

"I'm sure your leaders have informed you on our crisis, although with few details. My name is Franz Kretschmann. I will be joining your fireteam."

I looked at Ebez after we learned that Franz would be joining our team. He had a look of astonishment on his face. I could tell he was already angry that he would have to deal with a new member in the team.

"I hope that there will be no conflicts between us. I will not be your commanding officer, nor will I make an attempt to be. I am just along to assist you through the German countryside. If this gas is released, it could cause major damage to anybody exposed to it. The gas is called Phosgene, also known as CG. It causes major skin, eye, and lung irritation and possibly death. It was stolen from a warehouse just outside the city limits of Hamburg. We believe the terrorist group, Abu Ansa, which is lead by Sabri Ansa"

We now knew what we were up against. I had never heard of the Abu Ansa before and I needed to know my enemy. But, with the short amount of time we had, there was no time to do research.

"All we know is that the gas has been taken to Hamburg International Airport. We still have time to get there. The airport has been forcibly taken by the Abu Ansa so that they can load the gas without problems. We will be leaving here immediately."

Again we were to be rushed to another new location. We would see our first fire fight of the war. Our fireteam was always prepared for this. In the second desert storm we were ambushed many times by the enemy forces and were always ready for an attack.

We loaded up in vans and started the ten minute drive to the airport. When we got there, there were tons of German police cars forming a blockade out of the airport. The soldiers had taken hostages so that it would deter further action by the cops outside. We all got out of the vans and loaded up. As usual I had my AWP sniper rifle and my five-seven pistol. I knew that the airport was no place for a sniper

rifle. I had to go in with my pistol, but I still carried my AWP by the strap. I was always cautious about going into a raid like this one.

We all checked our weapons, armor, and grenades. We then started the slow approach to the building. The walk was slow to make sure that the enemy did not see us approaching. If they saw us, it would be the end of the hostages' lives and a disgrace to the United States. We made it to a rear entrance without being detected.

Shawty knew what she had to do. She was an expert at many things including explosives, but in this case, she had to pick the lock. If an explosion went off, the Abu Ansa would immediately shoot the hostages. Shawty was able to pick the lock in under a minute. We were ready to advance into the building. The fireteam was lead by Ebez and I brought up the rear. Shawty stood by the door and waited for the signal. Ebez took a deep breath and slowly signaled to Shawty, who opened the door silently. Ebez raised his M4A1 rifle and walked through the doorway.

Constantly scanning to make sure there were no enemies, he signaled the all clear. We entered silently and made sure to keep silent. I swung my arms left and right always looking for an enemy. We slowly made our way into the main corridor where all the hostages were being held. Our team split into different parts to make sure we aren't all hit with one lucky spray. It would also confuse the enemies if they were getting shot from five different places.

I made my way around the left hall with my pistol drawn. I knew that using the pistol meant that hostages may die. I put my back to the wall and peeked around the corner. I saw two enemies talking to each other in hushed whispers. This was a tough situation for me. I had to make my way around them or find a different route. With my back against the wall, I made my way back. I searched for a way to get into a good position to aid my fireteam. Then I saw my big break. There were ventilation shafts that lead into the ceiling via a ladder. I crawled into one and started the slow process of crawling through the vents. After five minutes, I had made my way over the enemies. I had to find a way back to the ground. I found a grate that I could drop through into a janitorial room. Although there was probably nobody in the room, I would still make a considerable amount of noise. I didn't want to raise an alarm, but it was the only way in. I pulled out my standard issue army knife, and cut the four corners so that I could get out. The room looked empty so I dropped myself down onto the floor. Luckily, it was a cement floor and didn't make as much noise as I expected.

Now with the easy part done, I opened the door slowly and quietly. The door swung inward without a sound. I peered around the corner left and right. I could see the enemies I passed over on the right. Cautiously, I walked out of the room and down the hall to my left. I made it to the main corridor and could see Ebez. Apparently, I was the only one who ran into problems because the entire team was all setup and in position.

It was my job to fire the first shot because I had the sniper rifle. I aimed at an Abu Ansa member with a black ski mask over his head. He had an IDF Defender pointed straight at a child's head. A feeling of hatred welled up inside me. I couldn't stand to see anybody threaten a child's life. I slowly squeezed the trigger until the firing pin

released.

I felt the kick that the .338 magnum shell produced and the loud explosion. After the terrorist fell with a gaping hole in the left side of his face, all hell broke loose. Ak-47s were scanning the corridor. My AWP produced a considerably large smoke cloud from the gunpowder being ignited; they knew where I was at. I swung my AWP over my shoulder and upholstered my five-seven pistol ready for anything. Then I heard my fireteam open fire on the remaining terrorists. Over all the chaos I heard Franz shouting at the hostages.

"Enthalt unten der Fussboden auf!" And all the hostages stayed on the floor covering their ears from the sound of the echoing AK-47 shots.

The terrorists began to spray their weapons, hoping to get a lucky hit on one of their enemies. We kept returning fire on them. They didn't know where the shots were coming from because they spun in circles completely unloading their clips. The terrorists began to become afraid. They watched as their friends and comrades fell to the floor dead. I shot at the terrorists with my pistol in a standing position. I dropped 2 more with clean shots to the head and chest. They were not wearing body armor so it made for an easy slaughtering.

As I was reloading my pistol, I heard footsteps running towards me. I knew I had to hurry just in case it was one of the Abu Ansa. The source of the footsteps turned the corner just as I cocked the pistol. He turned and pointed his Galil at me but was shot in between the eyes before he could pull the trigger. Blood splattered the wall behind him and my face. He dropped to his knees and fell to my left. His head came to rest mere inches away from my legs.

The shooting ceased and all was quiet except for the crying hostages. The fire fight was over and the hostages were crying because they were happy to be alive. A few of them were shot because of stray bullets from the terrorist AKs hit them. We appeared out of nowhere and met in the corridor. We had to find the plane before it could take off with the gas.

End
file.